

so still. Mrs. Van dressed me & came home with me at my earnest pleading, she is now sitting making a few and odd sketch of me while I write to you. - Every one says I am beautiful tonight, so I suppose it is so. I know I should be in your eyes. Your loving telegraph message came this afternoon, what a thoughtful sweet thing to do, so like you - my own love - Well, my back is beginning to ache terribly - I wish she would get through drawing me. Oh - Madame Cyprien was there tonight, and professed to be fond of me - Then the whole Perkins family, Mrs. Wood & a friend The Purrells, Uncle Nat, Mr. Bigelow, who went with me to the theatre the other night, Mr. Chisenger & Lemrick from both celebrated singers, The Misses Talbot, Miss Mrs. Van & friend and the Hallows. This was my list of invited guests. The Purrells could not go to them - too bad - wasn't it? Well

February 25<sup>th</sup>.  
12 Pondingal.

My Darling,

The concert is over  
and a great success.  
I was received with applause  
each time and encored.  
The Appolls Club presented  
me with a huge mass  
of American beauties  
when I finished my  
"Kauil" song & I held  
my arms full of roses  
while I sang "Your Precious"  
and you could have heard  
a pin drop, the house was



Sweetheart; - guess she  
is about done, so will  
bid you goodnight  
Tomorrow morning I get  
your loving Sunday  
letters; now today feel  
the telegram. Oh  
how welcome it is to have  
the public gaze at you  
and focus their opera glasses  
on you and tell you, you  
are beautiful, and that  
you sing divinely, when  
you would so much rather  
have just one person look  
at you and tell you,  
you are beautiful - This  
love that makes the world  
endurable, I tell sweetheart  
a tender loving kiss  
from the Princess Louisa.



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